

*Poem 1:*

*by Esa George*

I really really bet it was a pleasure  
walking passed a bit of field from a past life that could be summed up as her movements  
mimicking your's  
But really the only thing you've seen change are wallpapers, and there is a lingering sentiment  
that the room around you is your's, made for you, a collection of the things that tranquilize a you  
that you are tolerant with and of  
Of course you can have visitors, you can bring the folks around for a house warming pot luck  
And you like how it looks enough, so this is not something you are extending yourself out too  
much to perform  
You are elastic however and will be bent back right into place when everyone leaves. A strange  
realization of I should be feeling lonely and mutter that was so great but the company stinks and  
I'm a rotten liar pretending I want them to stay.  
Everything IS a performance, dearly, equipped with no cuts  
We are velvet and we wear cuffs up and down our narrowing arms  
Parallel to your face is my ear in a whisper  
My rook is at your castle, of course no game is notable enough to record in time  
I am a gamble and you the spearheader of this flailing ailed arcade

You always want to make sense of what you can't make sense of  
as supplementation for your jagged existence,  
Seek solace in a fragmented eclipse, revering the first signs  
Of early summer footsteps  
Against concrete Sharpies I didn't mean to sketch  
There is no concrete plan for us after this  
how can something so old like myself and its corpse  
Be so wrongly steering away, every day, from who I was  
Into a great unknown abyss, that is longing, crowding staircases when we should have been  
taking the elevators  
It is always leg day  
between your legs and mine, I like when my ear is pressed against lips that whisper something  
ridiculous  
Because I will believe it  
I channel a gullible hop-scotching girl  
When I convince myself I can slurp the scotch  
I deserve a Slurpee after this one, mom  
Mom never fell for the "school is hard and so am I going to die?"  
My reading log was a panel of lies  
And if I were a political figure, my reading logs were scandalicious

Of course, swept to the side of a swanky street  
How can I become older  
Yet feel closer to those younger  
I read the news one day, of babies accidentally left on subways due to rapid doors closing  
Their culprit: a mother strolling, expecting them, leashed to them in crowds, plastered before  
them to swing back overground to the real world  
I cannot fit into these shoes  
And I go to the ball with him all the time  
And when the dancing commences, I scramble for affection in the dankest of corners of corset  
ladybugs and furnace glowing buffalo filling the inferno I am stapled to  
The bellowing beast below those crawling opticals will finally say no.  
I am closing tomorrow. Like subway doors,  
Not only the cash register at work and the microwave to swivel back in its place,  
But the possibility for the company to walk in again  
In a motion picture  
The guests arrive and often we arrive with them  
I see boatloads of flour, wanting to cover you in stickier handprints  
The flours all I got  
And all this flowery language and I couldn't even bake you a fine bread if I tried  
Turn around, return home, follow the host through the hosting chores. Some people really love it  
but I wouldn't trust a Pickle Ball-ing mom no matter the size of her visor-shaped head, if she  
tried to belittle my attempts at setting the table and churning the butter  
It's buttery like popcorn... jellybeans  
jelly beans have been ruined for me upon hearing they were a despicably evil former President's  
favorite.  
Why do the tastes of our childhood get so viciously squashed?  
A resolute desk-side snack they say, I go out walking for nothing at all I should stick to  
reminiscing through camera roll for the nostalgia is much less public and a lot more  
Visceral.  
You do the melancholic thing  
And you're practically drunk of it  
And what for and who for  
Is this public drunkenness necessary for your tarnished soul  
If you wrote me your story, I'd feel for you invite you in give you a warm meal I find warm but  
I'm critical of everyone else's car temperatures. What I am saying is when the right personhood  
is shown to me  
I can make you feel comfortable in any place  
this is the place to be